

lightning strikes twice

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lightning strikes twice

by [mercess](#)

Summary

Three days after Gale and John finally kiss, they find themselves as close as they can physically be.

During the war, Gale had chased every horizon, discovered the sky's every nuance: the shape of a cloud like a storm's herald, a curl of wind like a gust's forewarning. In the pilot's seat, days became weeks became months became years, the sky as familiar as the back of his hand, the inside of his eyelids. It used to steal his breath away.

But nothing—not the clearest blue, the brightest sun, the purest clouds—could compare to Major John C. Egan.

Notes

Special shout-out to @ZetaAdele, whose comment on the first fic in this series inspired me to write this one.

This mostly stands on its own, because it's literally just porn (I'm not even joking), but it fits right into the story and timeline of [unicorns, and other extinct animals](#), and also references things that happen in that. This will make a helluva lot more sense if you read that first.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

It's been three days, eleven hours, and seventeen minutes since John finally kissed Gale.

Not that Gale's been keeping track. After all, he's already lost count of the number of times they've kissed since that moment in Bear Lake, water providing a freedom they'd otherwise never have in public. He's mapped each freckle on John's body—the back of his neck, the soft inside of his thighs, the curve of his shoulders. He's kissed each silver scar and licked each stretch mark, left by the simple fact of growing up; he's clutched the meat of John's thighs, dented the flesh under his fingertips to discover each sound in John's repertoire (this is one concert he'd buy tickets for). Gale has always learned best through repetition, committing each lesson to memory through practice. You won't have time to look at notes while Ju-88s shoot holes into aluminum.

Learning John is no different, but so much sweeter.

During the war, Gale had chased every horizon, discovered the sky's every nuance: the shape of a cloud like a storm's herald, a curl of wind like a gust's forewarning. In the pilot's seat, days became weeks became months became years, the sky as familiar as the back of his hand, the inside of his eyelids. It used to steal his breath away.

But nothing—not the clearest blue, the brightest sun, the purest clouds—could compare to Major John C. Egan.

"I'd say a photograph would last longer," John says without looking up from his hand of cards, "but I'm pretty enough to deserve a painting."

Gale just hums, chin propped on his palm, cards pressed to his collarbone. They've hardly put on clothes since they learned touch is not only welcome, but requested, craved, sought out, asked for. (The only time they've worn anything more than skivvies in the past three days, eleven hours, and eighteen minutes is when they played bridge with Dennis, Theo, Aurelia, and Gladys. Neither Gale nor John has stepped outside their cabin since.) Sitting on the floor opposite Gale, the coffee table all that stands between them, the sunlight gilds John's skin, shining a spotlight on the red lines left by Gale's fingernails just this morning. Hickeys bruise John's chest; bruises in the shape of Gale's fingers line John's thighs; the bite of Gale's teeth still bruises John's shoulder. John's skin boasts the marks of Gale's enjoyment like one of his letters, frayed and torn as proof of how often Gale has

returned to what brings him joy.

And nothing makes Gale happier than John.

“Buck,” John says, and Gale raises his gaze from the freckle beside John’s left nipple to find John smiling at him, soft and crooked. “I asked if you had any guppies.”

“Hmm,” Gale says and looks at his hand of cards. “Go fish.”

John takes a card from the deck on the table, then matches it to a goldfish from his hand and sets the pair down. When he peeks back up, his smile becomes a smirk. “If I didn’t know better, I’d think you took a sip from my flask when you went to the bathroom.”

“Nah,” Gale says, “just drunk on you, Major.”

Pink tints John’s cheeks. Gale feels it like the Algerian sun.

He drops his cards to the coffee table and crawls on hands and knees toward John, who laughs, flush spreading down his chest, and tips backward to let the sofa hold him up while Gale climbs right into his lap, steals John’s cards, and tosses them aside. They fucked before breakfast and after breakfast, but arousal is a banked fire and this kiss is kerosene.

There have been books Gale’s read in which the character being kissed waxes poetic, crafts an adulation of metaphors, enshrines each caress with similes. It’s a sunrise when you thought you’d never see one again. It’s the rush that comes from surviving something you almost didn’t. It’s like finding safety after years mired in fear. It’s like finally coming home.

And it is all of that. But more than anything else, it’s simply *right*.

The kiss starts chaste, a simple catch and pull of lips before Gale clutches John’s cheek with one hand. John’s breath shudders as his mouth drops open, and Gale peeks at his face, just once. Gale doesn’t know if John has kept track of every kiss they’ve shared in the past three days, but to look at him now, you might think this is their very first.

John’s eyes open just enough to look up at Gale, his pupils blown so wide little blue remains—night has fallen early—and Gale smiles, tip of his tongue between his teeth, and pushes his hand into John’s hair, and John groans as his head rolls with the movement, tilting into

Gale's touch as he cards his fingers through thick black curls softer than silk. Gale can feel him growing hard beneath him, his cock pressed to the point of Gale's hipbone. His own body is almost an afterthought, the heat and taste and smell of John far more important.

"God, you're beautiful," Gale whispers.

One corner of John's mouth curves upward, and his hands close on Gale's waist, pulling him close. Their chests collide and they kiss, John licking into Gale's mouth, the depth of his hunger no shallower even after the sheer number of times they've fucked since that very first moment in the kitchen. Gale's blood thrums in his veins and he feels like he could crawl out of his own skin, abandon these bones to make a home in John.

"Gale," John whispers, their hard cocks trapped by their skivvies. "I want to touch you."

"Well, you're in luck, 'cause I got a surprise for you," Gale murmurs and stands up to peel off his skivvies. John stares up at him, lips shiny and red, and his hands clutch Gale's hips when he resettles in his lap, and John kisses him again, like he can't help it, every moment they're apart too much to bear. Lips smudging, Gale takes one of John's hands and slides it back to his ass, and when he catches John's eye, John dips his fingers toward his hole.

"*Fuck*," John breathes upon finding Gale already slick and open, his fingertips teasing at his rim. "God, *fuck*, Gale, when—"

"Didn't drink in the bathroom," Gale says. "Did something else with the Crisco from under my bed. Been practicing. Put it in the bathroom this morning, since I figured it'd come in handy."

"That's why you had it? Didn't even occur to—"

"Fuck me, John. Give me everything."

With a groan, John sinks one finger into Gale in slow increments, and Gale shudders, hooking his arms around John's neck, his cock smearing precome over John's belly as he rolls his hips with each slow thrust. Gale knows he's loose enough, but if John wants to touch, Gale won't stop him, and he welcomes each finger with a shudder, the heat under his skin burning hotter and hotter until he spears his fingers into John's hair and kisses him, sucking on John's tongue, biting his bottom lip hard enough to taste blood, drinking down every one of John's sounds until he can't take it anymore. He shoves down John's

skivvies, freeing his hard cock from its confines, and slicks his shaft with spit and precome. John shudders as Gale strokes him, breathes Gale's name, and clutches hard at Gale's ass, spreading him open.

"I got you," John murmurs, and Gale says, "I know."

Gale has never done this before, but he trusts his body to know what it likes and angles John's cock, holds it steady. Then he sinks down, gasping at the press of John's cockhead where he's never had anything before, and John breathes, "Slow, go slow," and Gale says, "No," and sinks down, down, down until there's nothing left to take, the stretch and burn dizzying and intoxicating and so much more—so much *better*—than he knew it could be. (He hasn't even been inside John yet. He wanted this first.) Head bowed, he breathes through the stretch, trying to keep his heart inside his chest. It beats hard enough he's surprised John can't hear it.

Then he lifts his head to catch John's eye, not altogether surprised to find him already looking back. (He never seems to look away, now that he knows his gaze is welcome.) But Gale's not sure he'll ever get used to the love in his eyes. It was already there in John's eyes in England; Gale just didn't know what to name it. It's a privilege to be granted this, to know that when he looks at John, he's looking at home—that he is home. Being with John is like unlocking his front door after a long trip, like kicking off his boots and changing into his favorite sweater (he stole it from John) and dropping into their bed, like peace and warmth and the knowledge that he's exactly where he's supposed to be. That he is safe here.

Gale crushes their mouths together, and he can feel John smiling against his lips and can't help but match it. His hands slide over John's cheeks to tilt John's head to deepen the kiss, to lick into John's mouth and taste his joy for himself. He's starved for this, for every roll of John's jaw and slide of his tongue and catch of his teeth.

Then he starts to move, a slow rock of his hips, gradually growing longer and deeper until he opens his eyes and finds bliss and joy and awe sketched over John's face, like he can't believe he has this. John's hands close on Gale's waist, fingers denting the flesh there, before he drops his grip to Gale's ass and takes over, guiding each roll of Gale's body to match every thrust, each longer and slower and deeper than the last.

The sofa slips an inch, and John gasps, eyes flying open as he clutches Gale close—and Gale shouts a curse, bowing into John, their

foreheads colliding with a solid *thud*. It's nothing compared to the crackle of lightning spearing down Gale's spine as he grinds on John's cock, trying to find that feeling again.

"All right?" John asks, and Gale gasps, "That—what? Do that again," and John frowns at him, and Gale says, "I felt—inside me, it was like —" and John says, "Ah," realization and smugness warring for space on his lovely face.

"Say hi to your prostate," John says and closes his hands around Gale's waist, moving Gale's body like it weighs nothing as he seeks out that spot inside him once more.

Lightning evidently strikes twice. Gale groans, mouth dropped open against John's collarbone, and John laughs and holds Gale steady to maintain that angle, feet pressed flat to the floor as he thrusts up into him, long and deep and perfectly synchronized with each roll of Gale's hips in John's hands. His cockhead nails Gale's prostate again and again and again, and Gale feels like he might rattle right off his bones, breaths thready, eyes blurred. He closes his teeth on John's collarbone, too far gone to care who might see the mark. (It'll have faded by the time they finally venture back out into public. Gale wants to keep each bruise to himself.)

"John," Gale sighs, fingers of one hand closing on the back of John's neck, and opens his eyes to find John watching him like Gale is freedom, is hope, is what it means to be alive. Gale knows, because it's everything he feels when he looks at John. Gale says, "Kiss me, John," though whether he moves first or John does hardly matters because the result is the same: lips crushed together, tongues slick and hot, and Gale laughs and John groans and Gale clutches John's face in both hands and comes first, or John does, but this isn't a race, isn't a marathon, isn't flight over the Channel. There's no question in this, no sacrifice.

It's only answers, only beginnings, lit up in gold.

After the high fades and bodies go still save for lips still brushing, John laughs into Gale's mouth, exultant, and says, "Christ, it's always so good with you." Gale brushes his thumbs over the crinkles framing John's eyes. Happiness printed into John's skin, there for all the world to see, proof that this man feels joy, and that Gale is now one reason why. He can't help but press soft kisses into John's jawline, his neck, his shoulder, John's hands clutching at Gale's back, their bodies still pressed so tightly together they're practically one. He lingers at John's

pulse, counting each heartbeat, and then presses kisses all the way back up to John's mouth where another smile awaits him.

Gale wraps his arms around John's neck, needing to be as close as possible, to fill his entire being up with him. John shifts against the sofa so Gale's weight settles more firmly atop him and sighs happily, as if he'd like nothing more than to be crushed beneath him as they kiss once more, soft and sweet. Come cools between their bellies, leaks out where John's cock is still pressed deep inside Gale, but Gale doesn't want to move. Not yet.

There were moments during the war when Gale thought he'd never feel joy again, never feel safe and loved, at home and at peace. The worst days in the stalag, when John felt as far away as the moon is from the earth and it was all Gale could do to pry words from his lungs for the men—bloodstained shrapnel, Gale like another casualty of war, but at least he still breathed; it was more than many could claim—he would try to recall every letter John had ever given him, but it was like trying to encourage flowers to grow in frozen ground. The warmth refused to bloom.

Now, all he must do is open his eyes.

"Y'know how we get excited by the moon?" John says, apropos of nothing, or perhaps he simply read Gale's mind. "We'll see it out during the day and have to point it out. We look out the window in the fall and see it all orange behind the naked trees and have to just stop and watch it for a minute. We look for faces in the craters, map the change of its shape, go to the beach to witness its pull. We're just...fucking obsessed with it."

"Yeah," Gale says, tracing John's eyebrows with one thumb.

"It's what this feels like," John says, eyes big and blue. "It's what I feel like when I'm with you, or think of you, or see you."

Gale's heart thuds against his ribs. He traces his thumb down the bridge of John's nose, over his mustache, to the curve of his bottom lip.

"Sounds kinda silly, doesn't it?" John asks, but not like he's truly worried. He rarely is.

Gale shakes his head, thumbs John's chin, kisses his bottom lip. "It sounds kinda perfect."

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed your pornography! Thanks so much for reading. 🖤

As always, I'm spaceshipkat on tumblr. Come yell about clegan with me!

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